JOHN BULL, July 24th, 1915.

"WISDOM FINDS A WAY." See page ii. of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 477 | SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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For meaning of this number see page 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

BRITISH MUSEUM

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you **MUST** fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

July 24th, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

July 24th, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. July 24th, 1915.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 477. Week ending Saturday, July 24th, 1915. One Penny.

The Circulation of "John Bull" now exceeds 1,100,000 copies weekly.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Jul 17th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 147,820 and A053,198.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

1,153,121, Thanks!

One million, one hundred and fifty-three thousand, one hundred and twenty-one was our circulation last week—and on Friday we were O.P.—which means Out of Print. It also stands for Our Public!

The Editor's Plans.

Without at the moment going into any details, readers will be interested to learn that the "dirty work" at which we recently hinted as going on behind the scenes, with the object of undermining Mr. Bottomley's public influence and preventing his return to Parliament, has been completely frustrated by an Order of the High Court. More anon.

Haldane's "Home."

Not his spiritual one this time. We are indebted to a reader for a fuller report of that famous Savoy banquet speech than others which we have read; and here is the closing portion of it:—

> Lord Haldane said his own movements were now restricted, as he was the Keeper of the Great Seal; but the great and good Government to which he belonged was like all things mortal, and some day would be tumbled over. He should then be able to return to Germany, to which he was much attached.

Well, "the great and good Government" has been duly "tumbled over," and now, therefore, is the appointed time. Why tarry?

Patriotic Poplar.

The other night we paid a recruiting visit to the Palace at Poplar, and, under the presidency of the Mayor, addressed one of the most enthusiastic meetings we have ever seen—making our way to the building through a sea of cheering humanity unable to get in. We are evidently popular at Poplar.

Stop That Whistle!

Did it ever occur to you that the simplest way for a German Zep. to find the West End of London would be for it to hover about in the dark till it heard the pandemonium of taxi and carriage whistles which denotes the closing of the theatres and restaurants? A flying friend tells us that the sound could easily be heard at a great height.

Political News.

"Dr. Addison, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Munitions, has appointed Mr. Kellaway, M.P., to be his Parliamentary Private Secretary." Now we *shan't* be long!

A *Star* Turn.

We *are* getting on. When we were in Parliament we were twice cartooned in *Punch*, and several times mentioned in *The Times* leaders. And the late Sir Charles Dilke told us that proved we had "arrived." But now comes the crowning honour; we are the subject of editorial comment in the *Star*, which tells us, amongst other things, that "the cry for Business men to take the place of ministers is the old Bottomley shibboleth." Fancy "old Bottomley" having a shibboleth! We hope we have correctly read the sentence; certainly the shibboleth isn't very old. But it is a robust youngster.

Those Wicked Sweepstakes.

But what is this? In the very same issue we read that War Loan Sweepstakes are being run by "many regiments now in camp," and this is our dear brother's comment: "The enterprise may, perhaps, come within the scope of the Lotteries Acts, *but at the same time it is bringing grist to the War Loan mill.*" We shall certainly advise sweepstake promoters to quote those words.

The War Loan.

On the whole the result has been remarkable, and we heartily congratulate Mr. McKenna upon his success. At the same time, we wish the whole 900 million had been subscribed. If only the Government would authorise a great State Lottery! We would guarantee to get a thousand million—and free of interest. But, against the moral sanction of the *Star*, there are Mr. Hogge, Mr. Scott Duckers and their Anti-Gambling League!

The John Bull War-Loan Club.

But we hear of the formation of this club, which proposes to operate a series of War Loan Drawings, and in this way hopes to place the balance of the Loan. Good luck to it!

Be sure rather than sorry. Our Free Insurance covers all War risks.

"Physician, Heal Thyself!"

The Government's hysterical urging upon the general public of the necessity for stern economy and the avoidance of waste, simply invites the *tu quoque*. When they have purged themselves of their own flagrant sins of extravagance and wicked wastefulness it will be time for them to admonish the people. But not before. We are not at the moment thinking of the £400 a year which is paid to so many hundreds of utterly useless and incompetent M.P.s, nor of the enormous sums of money simply thrown away by the Stationery Dept.—both flagrant examples of official wastefulness. But we have in mind the many cases of appalling improvidence on the part of those responsible for the feeding of the Army which are constantly being brought to our notice. The price of bread to the civil population to-day is scandalously high. Many of the poorer classes of unskilled labourers not engaged in war work find it increasingly difficult to provide their children with enough to eat. Yet we read of a regiment cleaning their boots with the surplus bread provided with their superabundant rations! The soldiers are not to blame. They have a fixed quantity served out to them, whether they can consume it or not. They are not allowed to sell the surplus, although their rations are supposed to form part of their pay. Nor is it always in their power to give it away. So they clean their boots with it. When they are able to give it away they can do so with no niggard hand. Witness the case of a certain detachment of 400 men who in ten days distributed over 200 2 lb. loaves amongst charities, and yet had more than enough for their own requirements. Also the case of an established camp of 1,000 men, who, within a fortnight, had three days' supply of bread on hand and did not know what on earth to do with it! Here is a wide field for the activities of a Minister for Food, whose duty it should be to check waste and extravagance, as well as to maintain the food supply of the people and keep prices down at a reasonable level.

No Quarter.

There is some danger lest the moment of Great Britain's maximum strength in the field may prove a moment of diplomatic weakness. We retain unimpaired confidence in the firmness of Sir Edward Grey, but the insidious activities of powerful pro-German pacifists must not be underrated. Moreover, the Teuton, for all the obliquity of his mental outlook, is not exactly a fool, and there is little doubt that at the psychological moment Germany and her Allies will be ready and eager to "cut their losses." It cannot be too firmly insisted that a peace based upon the compromise of essential issues would be merely a hollow truce, fraught with the liveliest risk—nay, rather with the moral certainty of future disaster. The reflection may be hackneyed, but there is a danger lest its very familiarity may obscure its vital relevance. Be not deceived!

The Prince's Savings.

We find it stated that there is a project for purchasing Membland Hall, the late Lord Revelstoke's place in South Devon, as a West-country residence for the Prince of Wales, the funds being provided out of the Duchy of Cornwall savings during the last five years. The rumour may, or may not, be true; we merely suggest that if the Prince of Wales's Comptroller is looking for an investment for the savings of five years, the War Loan is as open to him as it is to the working-man, who is urged to put his savings in it. Such a step would be noted more joyfully by the public than the buying of a house, and we imagine H.R.H. himself would much prefer the course we have respectfully intimated.

Canada and JOHN BULL.

A Bembridge reader sends us a letter she has received from her friend in Canada. "I tell you that out here they almost fight for JOHN BULL," says the writer. "Violet gets asked for them repeatedly to be lent after we have read them." It is almost an old story, but not the less welcome for that. We have appreciative readers all over the world, none more appreciative than the sons and daughters of the old Motherland who have sought and found new homes in Canada. Every mail we receive hundreds of letters from them telling us of their hopes and their disappointments, their heartbreaks and their successes. We are always glad to know that they think of us as being in touch with them, hand to hand as well as heart to heart; and if in these days—when one has scarcely time to think of anything except the War and the way to win through for our Empire to the uttermost parts of the sea—we cannot speak to them, and for them as often as we used to do, the clouds will pass and the day will dawn when we shall be a clear and unfailing voice for them again. Until then, let them watch with us yet a little while. Our pressing, insistent duty is nearer home.

A Fiscal Feeler.

With proverbial prudence in matters financial, a Scottish reader suggests that we should levy a poll-tax upon enemy subjects resident in Great Britain, thus recouping some small part of the enormous cost of the war. "This would tap a new source of revenue for Britain, and would injure the Hun in his pocket. . . . There is nothing to hinder us doing it." Nothing whatever, except the false humanity of a handful of fanatics from whose breasts the milk of human kindness is always slopping over in the wrong place. We would merely insist that if and when such a tax is imposed, it should be of the kind that "won't come off." Personally, we would go the whole hog and exclude every German from this country after the war; but if we must afford hospitality to the Huns, they should pay for it through the nose.

Who Mentioned Hanging?

Mr. Asquith has assured the nation that the instigators of Germhun atrocities would be held strictly accountable for adequate punishment at the end of the war. True, we are not at the end of the war yet, but it is about a thousand pounds to a gooseberry that General Botha's treatment of the defeated Franks, Commander of the Germhun forces, whose patrols carried written instructions to poison the wells, is a fair example of what will happen elsewhere. The terms of surrender make it clear that Franks and his officers have been released on parole, and all things considered they probably now feel a lot more comfy than they did as active belligerents. For our part, we should have thought that a general who in operations of war poisoned the wells by deputy was a suitable customer for the public hangman. As we have said before, however, we are a dear, kind, soft-hearted people.

Holidays as Usual!

A firm of military tailors who had occasion a few days ago to send an urgent order for khaki shirts to their manufacturers, Messrs. Robert R. Buck and Co., Atlas Works, Carlisle, received a printed acknowledgment on a postcard to the effect that, owing to the works being closed "all this week for the annual holidays, we shall be unable to deliver before fourteen days." Our correspondents call our attention to the fact that the goods were urgently required for officers' kits, their customers having been ordered abroad for active service.

"Everywoman's Weekly" is every woman's friend Take it home to-day.

The Rector's Opportunity.

The Rector of Horton is also a Special Constable, thus being a gentleman of double importance. It fell to him to discover a woman lying in the village churchyard, in the shade of Milton's yew tree. The situation was poetic, but the circumstances were sad, for the comatose condition of the woman was due to an unwise consumption of alcoholic liquor. The feelings of a clergyman may have clashed with the duties of a special constable; on that we have no information. All we know is that "duty" was done, the Rector took the woman to the police-station in his motor-car, she received seven days for drunkenness, "and the Rector was complimented." But not by us. We do not think a Minister of God was doing his Master's work when he secured gaol for a fellow-creature, and that fellow-creature a woman. She was an erring one, but it was not for a clergyman to give her one more push down hill. The "Vicar of Wakefield" is a creation of fiction, but we know what he would have done in a like case. He would have raised the wretched woman and walked with her—(you cannot picture so good a man owning a car)—to his own home. He would have sobered her with tea and a sleep, given her a little lecture and a shilling to help her on her way, and dismissed her with his blessing. And we believe some clergymen in real life would do the same. But not the Rector of Horton.

Oh, Oh!

Opposing the suggestion that a Departmental Committee be formed to deal with the question of economy in the public service, Lord Crewe, in the House of Lords last week made passing reference to the newly-appointed Committee for the examination of inventions, under the chairmanship of Lord Fisher, and said he "did not know that it was altogether desirable to indicate that inventions were likely to receive a greater degree of examination." Then may we respectfully ask what the deuce the Committee has been formed for? Is it merely to provide a nominal job for Lord Fisher, who was allowed to retire from the post for which he was supremely fitted—all on account of some Cabinet squabble? If so, we rather fancy "Jack" will give the Government a bit of a surprise. He is not the sort of man to be content with a position of greater ease and less responsibility while our country is passing through this tremendous crisis. Having been made a sort of Examiner of Inventions, he can be depended upon, we rather fancy, to examine 'em, notwithstanding the wet blanket with which Lord Crewe endeavoured to smother the innovation. So, if you have an idea that might help to send the Huns to Hell, *write to Lord Fisher about it!*

Clerical Contributions.

The Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, of Upper Norwood, comes forward with a staggering suggestion about the War Loan. Recognising how urgently the poor have been invited to subscribe their surplus wealth, he thinks the rich clergy should also step to the front and supply a splendid stimulus. Archbishops and Bishops might lead the way from their large incomes, also every clergyman whose stipend is round about £1,000 a year. M.P.s, suggests this remarkable minister, might resign their £400 a year *in toto*, for they should be happy to represent their constituents without payment. And he winds up with this home thrust: "I feel whilst we say to the poor, 'Give what you can every week,' it would be much better to say this more pointedly to the rich." We fear for the future of the Rev. Pemberton Lloyd, for, if he should continue blurting out this awkward kind of truth, they will never make him a bishop.

Our "Friends."

The Society of Friends have issued a long "Peace" screed, a lachrymose, penitential wail. What strikes us is the continual expression of humility by these people; it is a string they harp on till it becomes monotonous. They commence by being "humbled in the dust," they speak "with great humility," and continue "in all humility," till we begin to think Uriah Heep must have been a Quaker. The war, it appears, is a blessing, for they "thank God that a new and living experience of His power and purpose has come to us," and we must, of course, love everybody and all nations, because universal love means "the realisation of a transformed world-order." There is a note of sadness because "some even of our own members are actively supporting" the war; if this is so, we congratulate these members on their courage. There is a note of gladness because "the bulk of our young men are prepared to refuse military service of any kind,"—and we condemn these young "men" for their cowardice. There is a hope expressed that, at the end of "the present conflict," one nation will disarm, as "a great experiment." We suggest it shall be Germany, and that we take good care to see that they do so.

Sarah Jane.

The *Nairnshire Press* goes out of its way to make a nasty attack on domestic servants, saying it is hard to obtain a servant because "young women, instead of going into service, prefer to marry soldiers and draw allowances, with the prospect of a pension for life if anything happens to the husband at the Front." Now, that is unkind—and untrue. Even a domestic servant, when she marries, does so for love and affection, and the writer might reflect that, when she marries a Tommy, his return home in safety might mean infinitely more to her than a possible pension. The same writer growls that the girls are making munitions, and "will not return to the pail and scrubbing brush if they can help it." A girl who is making munitions is doing for her country a far better thing than wielding a pail and scrubbing brush for a thankless mistress. Perhaps the Nairnshire writer, who seems to need humanising, is some hard task-mistress whose "general" has gone "to better herself" elsewhere.

Fatuous Fines.

Truly we are an amazing people. "Jaen Kriev, a native of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, who has resided in Cheltenham for the last five years, was fined £5, at Narberth Police Court, on Friday, for being in the vicinity of Saundersfoot Harbour with a camera, without permission of a competent naval or military authority." Of course, the money was promptly paid. "At Hull yesterday, Max Grunert, manager of Messrs. Needless' sawmills, a native of Saxony, and a naturalised British subject, was fined £10 for contravention of the lighting regulations. Evidence was given of lights flashing at intervals through the skylights of the mill on Hessle Road." Again, of course, the cash was forthcoming. And, as a matter of speculation, we wonder what would happen to a Britisher who flashed lights at Cuxhaven, or essayed without a permit to photograph the beauty spots of the Kiel Canal!

***James* Tar!**

A very distinguished and learned friend writes: "You speak of 'Mr. John Tar'; it should be *James* Tar. Sailors are called 'Jack' because they sail under the *Union* Jack. Who brought about the union of England and Scotland? James the First of England and the Sixth of Scotland. Jacques is the Norman French, as Jack-obus is the Latin, for James." So be it—we all love Jacques.

The *John Bull* Pen is at the front. Coupon on page ii of cover.

Bark.

Among the important duties of one Exeter policeman is the protecting of the bark on timber lying by the roadside; when he patrols the place it is his duty to see that little boys do not run on the trunks and so kick the bark off. While Constable Stone was pacing up and down, watching the wood with his eagle eye, he saw some wicked children playing on the precious stuff, so he fearlessly ordered them off. One boy, an invalid for six years, whose father has paid £100 in doctors' bills for him, declares he was only sitting on the timber, reading, but he was so frightened that he went straight home and fell into a fit. The father thereupon went to his gate and asked the constable why he removed an invalid. "The constable said he should do so again, and summon him if we were on the timber. Defendant"—(the father, who was summoned for abusive language)—"told him he was a coward and a lout"—and for that, at Exeter Police Court, an inclusive fine of ten shillings was imposed. We are assured the policeman had full knowledge of the boy's invalid condition, and in those circumstances it was at least an unkind thing roughly to order him away from the sacred bits of wood. The defendant complains bitterly that the boy should be so frightened, but, when he paid the 10s. fine, he probably felt that he had his money's worth in the two nouns he applied to the policeman.

Spying Made Easy.

Unscrupulous persons should experience no difficulty in obtaining entrance to dockyards. Last October we reproduced a pass in our possession which permitted the bearer to proceed at large over the Thames and Medway Defences. It had been given to a workman, and never re-claimed. Equally loose is the distribution of passes to our docks, the system being amazingly lax. When a ship arrives in dock the captain or mate applies for passes for the crew, and these are granted in a batch according to the list of names furnished. None of the crew is seen, nor are the numbers verified, yet the men receive their passes as a simple matter of course, and are free to come and go as they please. The astonishing thing is—if we have not already furnished sufficient matter for surprise—that when the ship sails, not one pass is collected or returned, but the men take them away with them. Thousands of these passes must now be going round the world, to fall into the hands of any unauthorised persons—we ourselves possess two, one for Sunderland, and one for Blyth. If the Military authorities are awake, they will insist on personal application for all passes, and they will see that every pass is returned before the ship is allowed to sail.

Vexatious Proceedings.

It is surely anomalous that while Trades Unions are rightly expected to relax their restrictive regulations, and other normal usages of peace are suspended for the duration of the war, the State should maintain in full force statutes which in the present crisis are clearly inimical to the trading interests of the community. For instance, at the Wallasey Police Court the other day a New Brighton grocer was summoned upon a dual charge of employing a child after the hour specified by the bye-laws, and contravening the provisions of a Closing Order under the Shops Act. "I have three sons and assistants in the fighting line," pleaded the defendant, "and have done everything I can to encourage recruits; and while we are engaged in keeping back the Huns, a staff of men are employed to harass me." This spirited protest failed to avert fines amounting to twenty-five shillings, but it was packed with horse sense all the same.

The Human Tragedy.

The saddest case of life's rough ways that we have read for a long time comes from Quarter Sessions, at Stafford. A young man and a girl were charged with stealing a horse, and here is the man's story, told in that terrible confessional, the dock:—"He stole the things because he had got the girl into trouble and they wanted to get married. They had no money, nothing to eat, and nowhere to go. He had been fighting for his King and country, and was wounded in three places. He was sent to England to get better, and was on sick leave. He wanted to go back to his company in France." The poor devil fell in a fit in the dock. The worst of the thing was that the man was "wanted" for other charges, which he admitted; but it is probable they were committed under the same dreadful stress of circumstances. The girl was bound over on probation, and she consented to go into the workhouse. The Chairman, whom we credit with the intention of acting kindly, said the man had nowhere to go, and sentenced him to six months in the second division, saying he would be looked after, and that in six months he might have recovered. As the man will probably spend most of the time in hospital, it was perhaps a merciful course. But the case makes one shudder at the apparent futility of human endeavour. There was plenty of good stuff in the man, but he had gone wrong, and so—disaster.

Self-Sacrifice.

Here is a sweet thing from the *Christchurch Parish Magazine:* "The children of the Sunday Schools have considered the question of their summer treat, and have willingly decided to forgo it this year, so as to enable the kind friends . . . to give their contributions to help those who are sick and wounded. Well done, children! . . . that is the good sporting spirit of real self-sacrifice." We wonder who forced the poor kiddies "willingly" to abandon their one joy-day of the year. Because two of the curates have been away on holiday, and, says the Vicar, "in August, Mr. Blackett and I hope to get a quiet time away." This gives us no opportunity to cry, "Well done, parsons!" and we regret these gentlemen have not had the pluck to imitate the children by willingly exhibiting "the good sporting spirit of real self-sacrifice." The poor youngsters are robbed of their one day, but their pastors and masters take their usual month. Let us note also that the Finance Committee "is of opinion that parochial funds should be responsible for the rent, rates, and taxes" of the Vicar's house. The Church seems a good profession to follow in these "self-sacrificing" days.

A Yank's Hank.

A Briton, to hear the truth about himself, must go abroad. Mr. Hudson Maxim, speaking at Cornell, offered his contribution at the altar of veracity in these terms:—"If England had conscripted her industrial workers as Germany has done, compelled them to temperance, hygiene and right living, to serve their country without pay—then the British workman would to-day have some love of country, some patriotism, some stamina, some temperance, some manhood." We like that reference to the "temperance and right living" of the German, who is notoriously a swiller of beer and hoggish as an eater; but it pains us that Mr. Maxim should think the British working-man is deficient in all the good qualities he enumerates. "Some love of country, some patriotism"—some this, and some that, indeed! If Mr. Maxim would take a trip to this side of the Pond (passage arranged between the Kaiser and President Wilson) there is a chance that he might wake up to the knowledge that our working-man is actually "some" Briton all the time!

North, South, East, West, "Money Pictures" are the best.

"A Herbal 'Have.'"

Our revelations of the artful means whereby a country hotel-keeper was loaded up with a large stock of unsaleable "herbal cigarettes" have brought us the story of a similar attempt upon the innocence of a London publican. He was approached in his bar by a nicely-groomed stranger and inveigled into a talk. In a patronising manner the visitor said he represented a Cyclists' Union, and that the inn in which he stood was recommended as a house of call for the members, who, by a miracle of miracles, all smoked herbal cigarettes. If the publican would exhibit two advertising cards in his bars, the Union would pay one pound a month. Pending further developments, mine host assented to this proposition—and then the plot thickened. "How many hundred cigarettes will you take?" inquired the wily one, and he named the prices of his curious commodity. "Well," said the publican, "you propose to pay me a pound a month. I don't want your money; give me cigarettes to the amount!" This was a facer, and the stranger protested that "his people don't do business that way." Our friend proceeded to tell the enterprising envoy what he thought of him, his people, his "business," and his herbal fags—and the interview summarily closed. The story provides an interesting epilogue to our previous warnings against a crafty customer.

Cheer Up, Recruiters!

If some of the more vociferous recruiters employed at a handsome fee per head do not cheer up while on the stump, it will be our painful duty to request the War Office to gag them—for they start frightening customers down another street yards before they have reached the scene of persuasion. In a certain district last Sunday, for instance, a very good meeting was completely spoiled by the wailing of an orator, whose depressing pictures of the horrors of modern war, of young soldiers maimed for life, of widowed wives weeping by lonely graves, of orphaned children crying for their daddy who never, never would return again, and so on and so forth, drove young fellows and their girls away as effectively as if he had been paid £5 a minute to do it. The old recruiter, "the bully, bully sergeant," was a man of cheerier method. He had a way with him; he beamed like a winter fire, slapped his chest, twirled his moustache, and spread out his legs in a pose of infinite self-satisfaction. Then, in the words of the familiar, rollicking chorus, he would quoth him thus: "I am the sergeant, the bully, bully sergeant, Look at me and you will see a soldier's life is fine, So don't you worry what to do, But take the shilling straight and true, And just like me you may be too—a sergeant of the line"; or words to that effect.

The Last Good-Bye.

A soldier's mother at Exeter, who went to Queen Street Station to bid farewell to her boy, was painfully surprised to find the station closed; a number of unhappy wives and mothers were thus prevented from seeing their loved ones for what may have been the last time. Some of the soldiers had been unable to obtain leave to visit their homes, and their feelings can only be guessed; a few were so distressed that they actually leaped the barriers to snatch a hurried embrace. The woman wrote a letter of protest, and it is a gallant sapper from Devonshire who asks us to give the matter prominence and to pass our "candid opinion" upon it. We hereby inform our friend the sapper and his comrades that we consider the incident was a crying shame, and a cruel wrong, and we are happy to believe that orders have been given which will in future preclude the possibility of a recurrence.

Punctual Thomas.

Punctuality is a fine thing, but it was carried to excess by Thomas Rigby, canal watchman, of Kidsgrove, Cheshire. A wretched woman had thrown herself into the canal, and Rigby appeared on the scene just afterwards, when, according to the police inspector, "the woman might easily have been saved." The gallant watchman, however, instead of attempting a rescue, acted on a plan of his own. He shouted for help, told another woman to go for the police, and then "picked up his basket and proceeded to his work." In reply to the question of an amazed coroner, the man said he "had to be at work by six o'clock." "But," urged the coroner, "your employers would certainly have excused you under the circumstances." "Well," returned this most remarkable witness, "I did not know that!" It is not surprising that the indignant coroner cried, "It is no use talking to you; get out of the room." Any room is sweeter when a craven leaves it, and Rigby's conduct, as the coroner said, in a lenient comment, was "most heartless." One can scarcely realise the calculating cowardice that weighs the "loss of a quarter" against the life of a despairing woman.

An Unanswered Question.

The polishing tablet called "Pyn-ka," which soldiers objected to use when it was labelled "Made in Germany," continues to furnish matter of interest. Another tablet, bought since the war commenced, has on the wrapper the words, "Made at Factory Berlin—Lichtenberg," but a third sample of the stuff, purchased quite recently, is done up in a tin box instead of a wrapper, and furnishes no information as to its place of origin. As the tablet in its present form is remarkably similar to the ones avowedly of German make, we invited the firm supplying it, Messrs. King, Sons and Co., Ltd., "Government Contractors," of Bristol, to clear up the mystery and to explain the absence of any indication of the actual place of manufacture. They avoided the request by referring to our previous remarks about the soldiers who did not care to use a German-made article, and have not given us the information asked for. This shy reticence is to be deplored, for Tommy Atkins is naturally anxious to know just what it is that he is handling.

The Prince of Wales's Fund.

Readers of our page, "The Greatest of These——," will have noticed how frequently we have been called upon to render assistance in cases of distress where help has been refused by the Prince of Wales's Fund. It may therefore come as a shock to them to learn that the Fund by no means infrequently gives money to Germans. In one case a German, who said he was naturalised in 1913, stated that he was receiving 26s. a week from it. When the man was in a situation as a waiter, he earned about £1 a week. Further inquiry into this curious instance elicited the information that the man had received money from the Fund, that he might have obtained 26s. in one week, but that probably 6s. a week was nearer the amount he regularly received. Whether this version of the matter is correct, or whether the man's original story may be accepted, the fact remains that allowances are made to naturalised Germans. Considering the distress among our own people, we think it a scandalous thing.

Sergeant O'Leary's Joke.

Miss Lily Iris vouches for this delicious little story. She met the famous "V.C." the other day and found him suffering from a very bad cold. "How did you catch it?" asked the famous artiste—and this was the reply: "I don't know, *but I've been sleeping in a bed for the past two nights.*" Poor Mike, how glad he will be to get back to his dug-out!

Prompt payment of all claims characterises our Free Insurance.

OUR MESSAGE TO THE MINERS.

AND TO THE POLITICIANS—AND TO THE GOVERNMENT—AND TO THE NATION.

Even should the strike be settled by the date of our publication, a similar situation is liable at any time to arise.

At the time of writing—Saturday morning, July 17th—200,000 Welsh coal miners are out on strike—*on strike*, whilst the fields of Flanders are running red with the blood of their sons and brothers; *on strike*, whilst the fate of the British Empire is swaying in the balance; *on strike*, whilst the forges and furnaces are belching out their shot and shell and crying aloud with tongues of fire for fuel, and more fuel—that our country may be saved. And Mr. Lloyd George, the Minister of Munitions, and himself a son of Wales, still hesitating about meeting them; and Mr. Runciman, the President of a bogus Board of Trade, in London—"conferring" with the mineowners and the "leaders" of the men. And we recently passed all sorts of Acts of Parliament for the Defence of the Realm, giving the Government whatever powers it asked for. And 200,000 men are on strike!

Now we decline to consider for one moment what the row is about. For aught we know, the men may have sore grievances against their employers; probably they have. We believe that many of the mineowners, like many of the shipowners, have been exploiting the war to line their filthy pockets with the blood-stained money of the people, and we hope their souls may writhe in Hell for their villainy. But that has nothing whatever to do with the fact that 200,000 men are to-day endangering the safety of the State—defying the Government, laughing at their own leaders, and outraging the conscience of the nation. They decline to submit their case to the arbitration of a State tribunal—and they decline to work. And Ministers of the Crown look helplessly on—*and a million trained soldiers are standing idly by!* In the name of God, we protest. Are we really powerless? Must we stand still whilst the Hellish Huns slay our men, violate our women, butcher our children, and devastate our land—and all because we are too pigeon-livered to *compel* these strikers to produce the coal without which we shall surely perish? *Never shall that be said.*

TO THE POLITICIANS.

To the prating mountebanks at Westminster, we say: "Come both, you cogging Greeks, have at you both." The people are sick of you, and your piffling prattle. For Heaven's sake adjourn, and go on adjourning, and leave the job to Kitchener. You "Conservatives" have conserved nothing; and you Radicals have so identified yourselves with the peace-at-any-price (but their own skin) gang that you have made this bloody war inevitable. Like the three tailors of Tooley Street you have posed as "the people of England," and the beery Germans were fools enough to take you at your own valuation, and to imagine that they might safely work their sweet will on France, and after having crushed her, proceed to annex the British Empire. We sat on the platform at the Albert Hall, on December 21st, 1905, and heard Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who had just become Prime Minister, declare that "A policy of huge armaments keeps alive and stimulates, and feeds the belief that force is the best, if not the only, solution of international differences. It is a policy that tends to inflame old sores and create new ones. And I submit to you that as the principle of peaceful arbitration gains ground, it becomes one of the highest tasks of a Statesman to adjust those armaments to the newer and happier condition of things." The big audience cheered—and we shuddered, and uttered our warnings—only to be told to "wait and see." Our rulers, whose "spiritual home was in Germany," would guarantee us against German aggression; and now we see the result. Millions of men slaughtered, France and Belgium invaded; and methods of warfare resorted to which would have made the warriors of the Middle Ages shudder with horror. Over 300,000 brave Britons have already been killed or wounded, and others are being led daily to the slaughter.

TO THE MINERS.

Now, look here, men, you know—or should know—that we are your friend. Nobody realises more than do we the tragic heroism of your daily lives, burrowing into the very bowels of the earth, with death always hovering over you. Ever and anon mother Nature revolts against your dominion over her, and spits out fire and fume and flood; and weeping women at the pit's mouth mourn for their buried men. God bless and succour you, and never let it be said that your country is lacking in gratitude or generosity towards you. This journal, at any rate, is always at your service, and its Editor is your ever-ready servant. We don't believe in your Keir Hardies and men of that type. You don't want preaching to, and having the Bible and copy-book maxims always thrown at your heads, do you? You want a fair wage—which, in all human justice, should include a substantial portion of the wealth you win from the depths of darkness. And you shall have it—*but you must play the game.* Forgive our plain language—you must not blackmail us whilst the enemy is at our gate. We know you don't mean to, but that is how it looks to the outside world; and you will lose its sympathy. And then, you know, when once you put the country's back up, your cause is lost. You must not think that those who are not at the front are all craven cowards. Many of them are spoiling for the fight, and once you let things get out of hand, you will have "bloody noses and cracked crowns." You wouldn't like to hear it said of you;

> You bloody Neroes, ripping up the wound
> Of your dear mother England; blush for shame—

would you? Nor would you like it in years to come to be accounted vile for any man to say, "I was a miner who struck for higher wages whilst

my country was locked in death grips with Germany."

Well now, that is the sort of thing which is going to happen unless you return to work. Don't let us plead with you in vain. Rest assured fair treatment shall be accorded you—*provided you play the game.*

To the Politicians.

That is our message to the miners. If it falls on deaf ears, or to the extent to which it does so, then there must be no more fooling. Silly Acts of Parliament, imposing penalties which could never be collected, are no good at all. They make the Government and the House of Commons the laughing-stock of the world. There is one remedy, and one only. We indicated it to the Clyde workers, and, as has been the case with so many more of our suggestions, it is sure to come in the end. Our country is threatened with invasion, and by the common law of the land—without the necessity for any more Acts of Parliament—every man, of any age or calling, is liable to be called up for service. *The miners who refuse to work must be conscripted*, put under military control and made to work *at soldiers' pay;* and any of them who remain out must be arrested, treated as deserters and punished according to martial law. *That* is how they do things in Germany—and it is how we must do them here. As we have said, there are about a million trained men at present in the country. Let a quarter of a million, or, if necessary, half a million, be drafted to the mining districts, with all necessary equipment, to support the military authority, and let them remain on duty whilst others are being got ready to take their place. For there must be no more tinkering with this business. War is war. We must have a Committee of Public Safety, and *every* able-bodied man under 40—first the single and then the married—must be enrolled in military service. The others must be enrolled for public service—of any kind required by the State. Our personal freedom, as individuals, must for the time being be surrendered. Till after the war we have no rights—except the right to fight the foe; no liberty—except the liberty of defending our dear land.

To the Government.

And now a word to the Government. We are sometimes charged with being in league with the Harmsworth press, as it is called, to undermine the authority of the Coalition. Apart from the fact that we do not for a moment believe that Lord Northcliffe is actuated by any other desire than that of helping to win the war, nothing could be more absurd. The *Daily Mail*, rightly or wrongly (we think wrongly), attacked Lord Kitchener; but nobody can deny that its campaign aroused the country to a sense of its danger. Still, be that as it may, we replied, with a special article, "Stick to Kitchener"—and we say so, with increased emphasis, to-day. And so with the new Government, we say, Stick to it; support it through thick and thin—till the war is over. Stick to Mr. Asquith; but at the same time let him, and let all his colleagues, understand that our support and our loyalty are but the proof of our patriotism, and, as the lawyers say, are without prejudice to our freedom of criticism, of censure and of condign reparation, *when the war is over*, for any failure on their part to justify the implicit trust which we are reposing in them. On the other hand, Ministers must reciprocate our confidence. They must give us quick, resolute, virile action. Platitude must be swept aside. We are tired of this talk about the feelings of neutral nations. There should not *be* any such thing as a neutral nation in this world crisis. *Nothing* should go into Germany. Italy is with us; Roumania and Bulgaria soon *will* be—and Holland and Switzerland must make up their minds. Sir Edward Grey is, happily, back at his post. Let him set his teeth and show the world that at length Britain is awake. No more "waiting and seeing." No more "keeping an eye" on things. No more "considering the situation." Otherwise the Government *must* go, and a National Council must take its place—presided over, not by a lawyer or a philosopher, or an armchair politician, but under the stern direction of a Man of the World, a Man of Business, a Man of Action—"a still, strong man, who can rule and dare not lie."

To the Nation.

And, lastly, a word with the nation—in whose name we have ventured to speak. Will it support us? We believe it will. We regret that circumstances of a purely personal character at present prevent us from giving it that active lead which to-day it requires. But that it is with us, heart and soul, we have no atom of doubt. After all, this is *our* war, and we mean to see it through. The politicians got us into it, and the soldiers and sailors will get us out of it—*provided we back them up.* We ask the nation to back them up; we ask the nation to back *us* up. We are sure that we express its sentiments—that is our *role* in life. We speak for the British public—for the Man in the Street. We know that, after the war, all our ideas and systems of government are destined to undergo a fundamental change, and it may be that *we* shall play some part in the new order of things. To-day, however, we appeal for the moral support of the great public—which is disgusted with the old political system, and is eagerly awaiting the new method of government. It may well be that if the war does nothing more than kill the old and corrupt and inept system, precious lives will not have been lost in vain. But there is yet much to do; and, in a sense, we are still ploughing a lonely furrow. We ask the great British public to come and help us; to work with us; to back us up. We will do our part. The editorial chair of a popular journal, with, probably, not less than three million readers weekly, is a more powerful and effective pulpit than a seat in Parliament—and from it, to-day, we preach the great doctrine of Self-respect, Self-reliance, and Common-sense. In that spirit we appeal to the miners—and we do not think we shall appeal in vain. Let them act like men—and the public will not forget.

Let them act like traitors—as we feel sure they will not—and their fate is sealed.

God Save the King!

CURSE THE CROAKERS!

AWAY WITH THE JEREMIAHS—KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP.

By A. G. Hales.

The German language was invented by the Devil, when he was drunk—how else do they get hold of names that reach across the newspaper column and half-way back again?—but I have searched in vain for a word in that tongue that would fit the great army of pessimistic people in this country. There is no word in our own language that will hit them off exactly. They won't smile, no matter how good the outlook may be, and they see only the gloomy side of things; the mantle of Jeremiah seems to have fallen on about a million people at once, and they go about whispering of disasters yet unborn. Some of them claim that this is going to be another thirty years' war, and point to the fact that an old-time King of Prussia waged one of that length. Well, if it *is* a thirty years' war, a year is as long in Germany as it is in Britain—and I have yet to learn that we are not as good stayers over a long course as the Germans.

Short or long, we've got to see it through, and we are going to do so. A smile is worth a torrent of tears in a fight. When I read the lamentations of Jeremiah, I wonder that the old-time Jews did not dump him down a well and drop the lid on; he'd have had something worth while cursing and wailing about. And that is what we ought to do with every modern Jerry.

That breed seems to imagine we ought to win the war without a serious casualty list, and they do more to hamper the operations of our generals in the field than anything else on earth—for generals are only human beings after all, and the dread of what the "people at home may say" if the death-roll is a heavy one often keeps them from risking an action which their soldierly instincts and training tell them is right and proper. British generals have been recalled from active service and put on the shelf, within our memory, because they lost more men in an action than the Jerry critics, who knew nothing of the circumstances, considered adequate, and raised a howl about it. Generals don't like being put upon the shelf, and they therefore sometimes funk the risk. I heard one of the bravest generals who ever wore a British uniform admit this. He did not fear death himself, but he did fear disgrace and humiliation. And that is why our Jeremiahs are as dangerous as they are pitiful.

We Must Expect Losses.

It is no use saying that it does not matter what the croakers say—it *does* matter; it matters a very great deal, for it is croaking of one kind or another that is responsible for the unrest of labour in our midst. There would be no talk of strikes amongst the Welsh coal-miners if it were not for the croaking that has been going on in Britain for the past few months. Men's minds have been unsettled by the dismal talking and writing that has flooded the land. The croakers have succeeded in shaking public faith in our Army and its leaders, and the first-fruits of their evil labours is this unrest in Wales, which, if persisted in, will mean a shortage of the best Welsh coal for our Navy. Coal strikes must be stopped with an iron hand. The Government, if need be, must take over the mines and declare the adjacent country a war area, and so get a grip on the miners. God forgive the men who have caused this state of things; they have much to answer for. All the veiled hints about our terrible losses, all the innuendos concerning battles that have been bungled, have been worked up for a sinister purpose. But we will live it down, and carry on with the war until we win, even if we have to import Japanese miners from the coal-fields of Nagasaki.

Why this ill-timed clamour about our losses? Every man who knows anything about war knew they were coming, because we could not hope to achieve victory without them. Our losses have been great, and they are likely to be greater as the foe grows more and more desperate; but we must bear them. Our soldiers and sailors do not mind facing wounds or death; neither do the soldiers and sailors of our Allies—nor, for that matter, the soldiers and sailors of our foes. The fighting men on that great front are all right; it's the misery merchants who are making all the trouble—they are putting a break upon the wheels of victory, and if they succeed in making sufficient trouble to delay the movements of Lord Kitchener until the favourable hour has gone past, they may cost Britain a greater price than I should care to put into cold print. God knows, the Field-Marshal has been hampered enough by these people. Now they are aiming at the fuel supply of the Navy—and, as General Sir Ian Hamilton said in his recent dispatch from Gallipoli, "The Navy is father and mother to the Army." If the people as a whole would only smile at the Jeremiahs all would be well, but the people are becoming infected by the dismal forebodings served up to them, and that is bad for the people, bad for recruiting, bad for our grip on the war.

Aerial Raid on London.

The Germans are promising us an aerial raid on London on a gigantic scale, and the croakers in our midst are snivelling about it. Of course, they will have a big try at raiding our Capital—why not? We are at war; why should we expect to be exempt from all its disabilities? For my own part, I thought we should have had the big raid before July 15th. If it comes, we have only to bear ourselves like men, and take it as part of the hellish game; there is no sense in howling about it. Our aerial craft will do their best for us; and their best is not bad. When our turn comes, we will meet it with a smile and thank the gods the worst is no worse. It will be washing day for Kaiser Willie sooner than he dreams, and he'll get his share of the soap. He is promising his people that he will invade Great Britain; he may carry that boast into effect before we turn and rend him, but I do not think he will land his soldiers in England. If he gets a footing at all, it will be on the Scottish coast—and his welcome will be of the warmest; he will be carrying his cake to the griddle with a vengeance. He is a desperate gambler now, and must soon risk all on the hazard of a cast. All we have to do is to smile, and keep on smiling—for if we give loyal and unquestioning service to our Field-Marshal, the game is in our hands. If, however, we permit the croakers to unsettle the people and stir up labour troubles at this critical moment—when unity is vital to success—the moment he has been praying for and playing for may pass without the realisation of the greatest coup of the war. The blame will be yours, for not possessing the grit to smile at the machinations of the malcontents, and work as grandly as your brothers are fighting. If you had the head of a snake in a cleft stick, you wouldn't let it go because some fool was turning hogs into your clover. Don't let go of a golden opportunity because trouble-mongers are busy in the camp. Britain's opportunity will soon be at the flood; if we don't ride on its crest to success, we deserve to drown.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE.

GOVERNMENT'S ABSURD WAR INSURANCE PROPOSALS.

At last the Government's State Air Insurance scheme has been made public—and what a farce it is! First of all, the principle adopted is the old, familiar "nothing for nothing, and precious little for sixpence"—for in respect of the very limited benefits which are offered, comparatively heavy premiums are charged, premiums which either approximate or exceed what were already imposed by the Insurance Companies. The only risks against which the Government insure are bombardment and aircraft raid—for which, combined, a premium of 3s. per £100 is charged to the ordinary householder. Under our scheme, we give him, *absolutely free*, the same benefits, besides paying £200 in the event of death, or £100 permanent disablement. Then, too, we cover loss of rent up to £25, and doctor's bills not exceeding £10. And even the two dangers against which the Government, in return for the premiums, do insure, are circumscribed—for instance, bombardment is covered only when hostile guns are not landed on British territory. Under our free scheme, besides these two eventualities being insured against in the fullest possible way, we, in addition, pay when damage is suffered through invasion, riot, civil commotion, civil war, revolution, rebellion, blockade, or military or usurped power. All these latter risks are specifically excluded from the Government's policy.

An Absurd Pretext.

We were, it will be remembered, the first journal to offer free war insurance to its readers, and though, one after the other, various daily newspapers followed suit, they have apparently become discouraged and are seizing upon the Government's scheme as a pretext for abandoning their own. There is, of course, no more reason why a *free* insurance should cease now than there was at the very outset of the war—for the Government's scheme is not free at all, whilst it covers merely the two bare risks which we have mentioned. A more probable explanation is likely to be found in the fact that the newspapers in question have now reached the limit of their underwriting policies with various insurance corporations, and that they do not feel inclined to pay a heavier premium for their renewal. That the schemes should have been dropped because the Government are competing for business with the ordinary Insurance Companies is manifestly absurd.

No Cobwebs on *Our* Scheme.

Our scheme will, of course, still go on. We shall continue to pay, promptly and ungrudgingly, all claims made under it. There will be in the future, as in the past, no red-tape or "officialism" in connection with settlement. In Mr. Runciman's explanation in the House of the Government's proposals, occurred an ominous reference to the "initial proceedings in connection with the adjustment of claims"—after which preliminaries "all claims are to be finally settled and paid in cash within thirty days," whilst there are to be the usual circumlocutory Government methods, the business being transacted first through the Fire Insurance Companies, who themselves apparently can do very little without reference to the special State Insurance Office which is to be created. Our claims are usually paid within thirty hours of the occurrence of the raid or bombardment—just long enough for the dispatch to the spot of a representative armed with a cheque-book, to ascertain the nature and extent of the damage!

Universal disappointment was felt when the terms of the Government's proposals were made public—and Mr. Price, the Member for Central Edinburgh, undoubtedly voiced the general opinion when he described them as "absurd." The mountain's labour has undoubtedly produced a mouse—the more reason, therefore, for even wider advantage being taken of our free and generous offer, full particulars of which will be found on page ii. of cover. No premium whatever is charged for all the benefits conferred by our scheme, the only thing required being the placing of an order for the paper with a newsagent, which order does not even entail payment in advance for the journal, and can be cancelled at any time.

FROM CLERK TO "ADJUTANT."

VANISHING TRICK BY BOSS OF BATTALION.

Missing from his haunts and activities in Epsom is a lively young gentleman, named C. Wynne Horton, and there are a number of persons who would gladly receive information as to his present whereabouts. C. Wynne Horton endeavoured to introduce himself to notice by a flourish of trumpets, or perhaps we should say bugles, for it was in connection with the defence of his country that he pushed himself to the front. During the period of his prominence he posed as a very great man indeed, a patriot burning to serve Britain in her hour of need. His notepaper, well-produced and elegantly designed, described him as "Acting Adjutant and Secretary" of the 1st Motor Cyclists' Battalion, and the "Hon. Adjutant's Office" as at Dorisville, Epsom. On the corner of the sheet is the monogram of the "Battalion"—which is there announced as a "Reserve" Battalion—and the florid motto, "Fortuna Favet Fortibus," meaning, in English, "Fortune Aids the Bold." Horton probably found it at the back of a dictionary.

The "Scheme of Campaign."

By means of advertisements, Horton got into touch with owners of motor cycles and cars. A typed circular professed to detail the objects of his battalion, the work of which was said to be temporarily confined to towns in Surrey, Sussex, Kent and Middlesex. It explained, "Our scheme of campaign is to link up Lines of Communication throughout the above counties, with centres of control every 12 to 20 miles. The Battalion has been inaugurated for the purpose of giving efficient military training to motorists who are unable to join his Majesty's Forces"—truly a most admirable purpose, if carried out with the approval and under the supervision of the War Office.

An accompanying circular commences to make things clear. It gives "Present Prices of Uniform," and includes "the Three-quarter Double-Breasted Waterproof Service Coat, complete with Belt, Shoulder Straps, two outside Gusset Pockets," for 15s. 9d., and "1 pr. Bedford Cord Breeches" for 9s. 9d.—Puttees, Brodrick Hat with spring, and Badge, bringing the bill up to the most moderate total of £1 11s. 6d. Any motorist dreaming of getting into uniform for a smaller sum would be a skinflint indeed. The prices are, in fact, so ridiculously and impossibly low that an explanation is advanced: "Members are requested to order their uniforms immediately they are nominated, as the above prices are for large quantities only." A gentleman who wished to join the ranks of the volunteers as a motorist forwarded the £1 11s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. for registration. After some delay he obtained receipts for the money—and that is all he has had. Letters brought no satisfaction, and finally one was returned to the sender, marked "Gone away; address not known."

The "Adjutant's" Late Abode.

We have accordingly made some inquiries on the spot, and the particulars gathered concerning Mr. C. Wynne Horton are interesting and illuminating. It is some weeks since he left Epsom; but, up till that time, this "Hon. Adjutant" was employed as a clerk with a firm of ironmongers in the town, at the modest salary of 25s. weekly. About three months ago the young man appeared to be getting on in the world, becoming possessed of a motor-cycle and side-car, and also a typewriter. Then he was seen driving in a motor-car, but no suspicions appear to have been entertained, because he let it be understood that he was doing some voluntary work for the Motorist Section of the Army. Dorisville, the "Hon. Adjutant's Office, 1st Motor Cyclists' Battalion," is a small cottage, where Horton rented a room, paying for it ten shillings a week. His correspondence is described as voluminous, and baffled inquirers for him have of late been many. Letters continue to arrive, but they are returned to the postman, for C. Wynne Horton has vamosed from "Dorisville, Epsom," and his present abiding place is "wropt in mistry." But where he deserves to be lodged is, perhaps, a matter of opinion—and we have ours.

The "Bullet" Competitor is the satisfied Competitor. See page 28.

A NOSE FOR THE NASTY.

WELSH PASTOR'S BURST ABOUT BILLS AND BOXING.

The Pastor of the English Congregational Church, Ystalyfera, the Rev. R. G. James, has a nose for the nasty and eyes for the obscene. He sees what nobody else would notice, did he not call attention to it from his pulpit. A theatrical company that was visiting Ystalyfera decorated the hoardings of that salubrious spot with some pretty posters of the allegorical kind, and Mr. James saw them, and shuddered. "Consider," he said, "the kind of poster that disgraced the hoardings. Consider the vile and suggestive influences of the semi-nude figure. Did you notice how some of our local cowards and cads had marked those figures? Why, it was really indecent for any lady to walk our streets." Now, we all know that there are persons of a depraved mind who do write or draw rude things on posters and dead walls, but we do not all stop to read or decipher the lewd inscriptions, nor do we hold forth upon them in public, nor do we think it indecent for a lady to walk along the street because some fool has scrawled nasty words on a poster across the road. We believe the lady knows nothing about it, we expect that she has never stopped to read it, and we are sure she has no desire to talk about it, or to listen to a parson preaching thereon. Further, we would suggest that, when some rude person writes on a dead wall, we do not blame the man who built the wall. When the same person disfigures a poster, why blame the man who put up the poster? The remedy is to catch the offender and lock him up. If Mr. James would do that, he would be doing a useful public service. After all, the ordinary, clean-minded, common-sensed citizen does not strain his eyesight to decipher the scrawl of hobbledehoys who vent their immature feelings in this silly way.

PERNICIOUS POSTERS.

Such a course, however, is evidently not in his line. He prefers to prate about the pictures, "these abominable and contaminating posters. . . . Young and impressionable minds have received for the first time suggestions that will ultimately pollute not only their bodies and souls, but also those who will come into contact with them. Who knows but that seven or ten years hence some of the young people will find themselves living a life of vice among the offal of the cities as a direct result of the filthy suggestiveness of these posters?" This is "coming it strong"; Mr. James is letting himself go. But the young people of his town must be a weak-kneed collection if they are in such terrible danger as he suggests, just because somebody stuck some bills on the walls for a week. The half-draped figure utilised as a decorative design to advertise a play is merely a work of art; it is impossible for it to be objectionable, for managers do not post that kind of bill; and the Bill Posters' Association—to say nothing of the police—is quite strong enough to ensure that nothing shall be pasted on the walls capable of offending a healthy-minded person. But Mr. James seems to be the kind of man who would faint in a picture gallery or museum, and would fall into a fit at the sight of the perfectly pure and perfectly nude figure of the "Venus" of Milo.

THE BANE OF BOXING.

He passed from posters to fisticuffs. He was distressed beyond measure by "the so-called boxing contest at the Coliseum. . . . Such a low demonstration . . . at such a time in the history of our country is criminal." These, you see, are no days for fighting, and people who promote "low boxing contests" should be imprisoned! "Why describe such a show," he ranted, "as a boxing contest? Why not advertise it as a quick way of making money?" The wicked promoters actually took money at the doors! It was all "for the sake of gold." Perhaps there were even prizes—money prizes!—to be fought for. The idea of doing anything for money distressed the good, pious pastor. It is so wicked to earn one's living honourably! And yet—and yet, perhaps even pastors are paid. Perhaps Mr. James draws a salary, or a wage, or a stipend; perhaps he is paid to preach. Perhaps, if no "gold" was earned by anybody, there would be fewer preachers and pastors of the type of Mr. James. And perhaps it would be a good thing, too!

A MYSTERIOUS GERMHUN.

NONE SO DUMB AS HE WHO WILL NOT SPEAK?

A Huddersfield man communicated with us to this effect: He was travelling from Huddersfield to Bradford with a friend. "There was also a gentleman and another person, who proved to be a Germhun, in the compartment." Our informant got into conversation with the Germhun about the war. Thinking the Germhun was a spy, the gentleman had him arrested on arrival at Bradford. There the man produced his registration paper, on which it was stated that he was deaf and dumb. Detectives were sent for; the other occupants of the compartment followed to the Town Hall; there a detective-sergeant repeated that the Germhun was then, and had always been, deaf and dumb. Amazed, our informant repeated the conversation with the man, his words were taken down in writing, and the statements corroborated by the others, and signed by all. Curious to know what happened subsequently, our informant saw a detective, who informed him that the police had let the matter drop, "as they could not get anybody else to swear they had ever known the Germhun to speak or show signs of hearing." All we know of this extraordinary affair is what is told to us by our informant, who adds: "I should like you to make use of this statement as you like, as I am prepared to state the same to anyone whom it may interest, and also can get the witnesses to prove the same." On the facts as given, we have one or two observations to make. In the first place, we should have thought that the evidence of three Englishmen against a Germhun's registration paper would be conclusive. In the second place, it does not follow that, because nobody else can be found who has heard the Germhun speak, these three people have not heard him speak. In the third place, it is improbable they would enter into a deliberate conspiracy of lying against him. And though, in the fourth place, a talking Germhun who pretends to be deaf and dumb does not necessarily commit a legal offence, and is not necessarily a spy, the inference is a fair one that he is not deaf and dumb for the fun of the thing. On the contrary, the suspicion arises that he is trying to win an Iron Cross or some such valuable decoration for devoted service.

A SCRUMPTUOUS SCREED.

THE SNOWBALL SNAFFLE AT MANCHESTER.

"Much against my wish," declares a Wimbledon reader, "my wife joined a Snowball Competition promoted by the Universal Stores, of Manchester, but when she had fulfilled the requirements, the so-called present was not forthcoming." Our friend then "took up the cudgels" and "threatened them with police proceedings"—whereat the scribe of the Stores leapt to the typewriter and did his deadly worst. We reprint the product without gloss or embellishment. It runs:—

> ESTEEMED PATRON,
>
> We are in receipt of your letter, and in reply, beg to say that if we do not have an apology for your letter, we will see what Steps we will take. It will not be the first time we have done so. If you wish to know the cause of any delay respecting Present for No. B 819731, we refer you to a Miss ——— whom we suppose we have to thank for a most unwarranted letter, and a disgrace on the Writer, who, apparently, lacks courtesy in their Education. Miss ——— sent a 1s. and a Coupon on June 28th, and we sent the present on June 30th, for No. 819731. Where is your justification? Our position further from you forbids us to say any more. As regards Miss ——— we advise you to mind your own Business. We presume she is Capable, and for our part, likely to be more Courteous than you. If she requires an explanation it is Miss ——— who requires, not you, and it will be given without your disgraceful insults.—Yours truly,
>
> THE UNIVERSAL STORES.

In a postscript, our correspondent assures us that "the 'present,' for which the Universal Stores get 5s. in advance, is valued by an expert at 1s. 11d." But as a rare and curious sample of the epistolary art, the above letter is almost worth the difference.

Don't run risks. Turn to page ii of cover for safety.